feeling it come erect under his tongue. Kirk arched upwards, pressing closer, his half-closed eyes fixed on the impassioned face that lay on his chest.

Suddenly, over Spock's shoulder, he saw the door open and the two household slaves enter the room bearing trays of food. Spock must have heard them, he thought wildly, but the Vulcan made no attempt to release him, rather, he began to lick slowly, sensuously down the Human's belly, his teeth pressing lightly against the cool flesh.

Kirk colored furiously, and pushed against the broad shoulders. "Spock, please!" he whispered, "There's...we're not alone."

If Spock heard the muffled whisper, he disregarded it, and Kirk began to struggle in earnest, horribly embarrassed. The two slaves began to lay the meal, but he knew they were watching--he could feel their eyes, sense their curiosity. Deprived by their condition of any sexual pleasures, this was their substitute, a salacious interest in the affairs of their masters. Kirk had heard enough slave talk in the camp to know that these two would eagerly relate to their fellows all that they had witnessed, and obscenely embellish every intimate detail.

Tears of humiliation stung Kirk's eyes. He had thought he had experienced the depths of shame when Savak's friends had ravaged him, but this...! Until now Spock had been considerate. Though the camp slaves had certainly seen him in his master's bed, the Vulcan had never before used him publicly always ensuring that Kirk's body was concealed if anyone entered the tent.

"Please!" he sobbed again, pushing uselessly at the rigid arms around him, and this time Spock reacted, glancing round for a moment as he followed the direction of Kirk's eyes, then he looked back at Kirk, incomprehension in his face as he lowered his head to resume his caresses.

He would not be diverted again, Kirk knew, and for a moment anger burned in him, then he realized that strange as it seemed, Spock was reacting as any Vulcan would. In this slave-oriented culture, a free man would totally disregard the presence of a slave, even discussing the most personal of topics with sublime indifference to the fact that he was being overheard. No man curbed his tongue or his actions in the presence of an animal; why should he do so in the presence of a slave.

Kirk ceased struggling--and with that action conceded bitterly that he had accepted his status as pleasure slave; now all he had to do was somehow learn to live with his surrender, or to face the implications if he could not. But he would think aboutthat later. His body's needs owned him now, and he could not think beyond the hunger that burned in him.

Dizzy, gasping for breath, he could only lie submissively as Spock knelt between his thighs, took his legs over his shoulders, and cupped his buttocks, lifting him so that his body was exposed and vulnerable. Then the Vulcan's penis touched him and he felt the blazing shaft pierce him, slide slowly inside. Reaching between their bodies, Spock grasped Kirk's penis, then leaned forward so that he could reach the Human's nipples; the movement drove his penis even deeper into Kirk, and the Human moaned as the fevered lips, finding their target, pulled and sucked at his nipple.

"More..." he gasped, and Spock gave him more, thrusting hito him powerfully while his hand began to manipulate the Human with the same urgency.

Kirk cradled the dark head between his hands, revelling in the multiple sensations. He was dimly aware that the two slaves had moved closer, were watching intently, and with a sudden perverse resolution, he decided to give them something to see. He strained upwards, impaling himself even further on Spock, and began to thrust in response, matching Spock's rhythm perfectly. The Vulcan ceased all movement and Kirk groaned in disappointment, arching upwards as he squirmed frantically, trying to tempt his master into resuming. The Vulcan took Kirk's penis in both hands and began to milk him, studying the flaring scarlet head, the soft-veined shaft in facsination, observing the growing frenzy of Kirk's thrusts as his body peaked and shuddered in orgasm. He watched as the hard flesh softened in his hand with the release of tension.

Changing his grip, Spock took hold of Kirk's buttocks and drew him closer; Kirk surged under him as the savage thrusts resumed. As avid as Spock now, he tightened his anal muscles around the Vulcan's penis until the throb of ejaculation pounded inside his body and the hot fluid filled him, seeming to burn through the core of his being.

Slowly Spock withdrew and lifted the Human's legs from his shoulders. Kirk lay too drained to move, aware that he was totally exposed to the gaze of the slaves, that Spock's semen, thicker than his own, was trickling down his thighs, that his whole body was quivering with satisfied release. But he was beyond shame now.

"Give me wine." One of the slaves hurried to obey Spock's command, and the Vulcan slipped an arm ground Kirk's shoulders, easing him into a sitting position as he pressed the goblet to his lips.

"Better?"

Kirk glanced up. "You knew I was...was..."

"Indeed, I caused it." The dark eyes smiled. "You must believe that it was not purely to torment you, Jim. I had a deeper purpose in mind. When we have eaten, I will explain."

The household slaves, properly expressionless now, served the food, though Kirk was somewhat distracted from it. He was pulled down to lie with his head in Spock's lap while the Vulcan fed him, claiming a kiss between each mouthful, and a wandering hand stroked his belly, pulled insistently at his nipples, fondled the soft flesh of his thighs.

When they had finished eating, the slaves set fruit and wine on the table, then withdrew. One of them met Kirk's eyes as he turned to close the door behind him, and the Human was startled to recognize envy in his eyes. Once again he was reminded that many slaves would be jealous of his position and of the indulgence shown him by his master.

As soon as they were alone Spock took hold of the collar around Kirk's throat and pulled the Human to the floor so that he knelt between his master's legs. Taking Kirk's face between his hands, Spock leaned forward and kissed him on the lips with an unfamiliar tenderness, then drew back to study the alien eyes.

"Jim, listen to me, for what I say now concerns your future and mine. My absence today was not caused by T'Pring, but by Selon's unexpected arrival. He leaves soon on an expedition against the